

Rev Geo Moore

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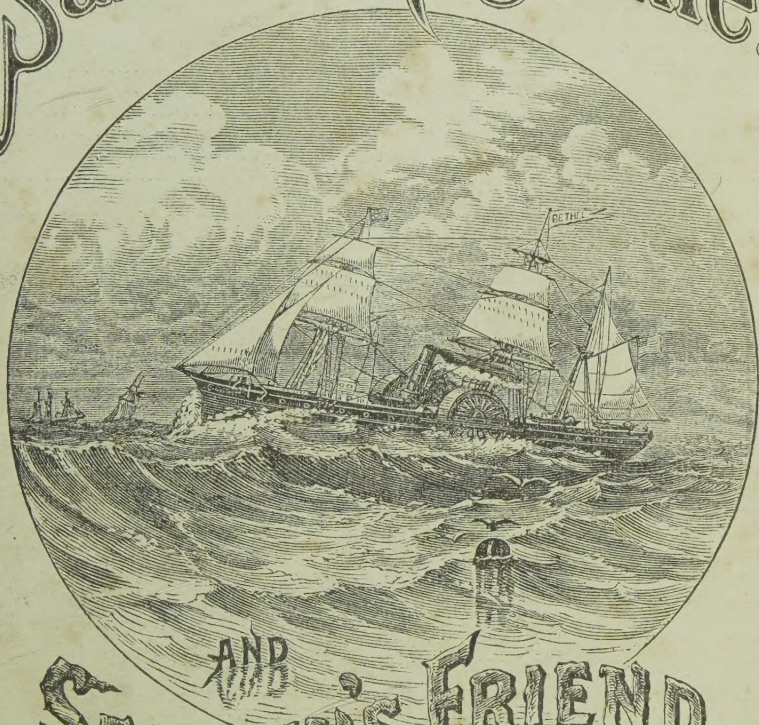
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DECEMBER, 1877.

Vol. XLIX.

No. 12.

THE
Sailors' Magazine,



AND
SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

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TUTTLESON

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THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly pamphlet of thirty-two pages, will contain the proceedings of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies, in behalf of Seamen. It will aim to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, commending it earnestly to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of all Christian people.

It is designed also to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to Mariners, memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., will be given. It will contain correspondence and articles from our Foreign Chaplains, and of Chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical. To single subscribers ONE DOLLAR a year, invariably in advance. It will be furnished Life Directors and Life Members gratuitously, *upon an annual request for the same.*

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Is also issued as an eight page monthly tract adapted to Seamen, and gratuitously distributed among them. It is furnished Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of one dollar per hundred.

THE LIFE BOAT.

This little sheet, published monthly, will contain brief anecdotes, incidents, and facts relating to Sea Libraries.

Any Sabbath-School that will send us \$20, for a loan library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with the postage prepaid by the Society

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Vol. 49.

DECEMBER, 1877.

No. 12.

From Harper's Monthly.

THE NORTHERN ISLANDS.

In their relative position to the rest of the world, the group of islands that lie north of Scotland seem almost beyond the pale of civilization. They are commonly thought to be only rough, rocky, and barren. But a better acquaintance with the Orkneys and Shetlands removes this impression. When are seen the gigantic rocky cliffs, the secluded bays, still and smooth, the old ruins of Pictish and Viking days, the cathedrals and palaces of centuries ago, we find much that is attractive as well as wonderful.

Thurso is the terminus of the railway in Scotland. Situated amid scenes of desolation, perched upon the bold cliffs of Northern Scotland, the old town looks lonesome and deserted. Walking out from Thurso to the cliffs against which the waters dash and send up a sullen roar, the eye looks out upon the troubled waters of Pentland Firth. Looking beyond these waters, the first sight is to be obtained of the Orkney Islands. In the distance

are the towering heights of Hoy Island, the most southern of the Orkney group. It is not many miles away, yet so hazy is the air that the distance seems much greater. A small steamer leaves the pier at Thurso for the northward journey. The abrupt cliffs of Scotland themselves grow hazy in the distance as the still steeper, rockier, and more wonderful cliffs of Hoy appear. As these heights are reached, even seasickness vanishes. Their beauty absorbs one's whole attention. They loom high and grand far above the passing steamer; they are bleak, clear-cut, cold, against the leaden northern sky. The peaks rear themselves isolated, barren, serving only as the home of wild birds, the duck, and the gull. Eagles, too, build their nests in their craggy tops. The air is often black with this bird population. Some of the cliffs rise perpendicularly from the water's edge. Against these darker waters dash themselves, with a dull, thunder-like roar, sending up great

white showers of spray that wash the cliffs, and then rush in rivulets back again to mother ocean. Into some of the caves, that never seem to have an end to their black depths, the waves surge and rush, sending forth a dull, mournful roar that blends with dismal cadence to the sound of dashing waves.

Before we explore the islands, their history claims our attention. What attractions could they have offered that Picts, Norse, and even Scottish earls should have left their homes to found new realms upon them? First came the savage, brutal Picts. What they did, the wars they fought, and the lives they led, mythology and history do not inform us. Some remains of what industry they had, are still to be seen in the burghs or houses of stone yet remaining in different parts of the islands. But it is not until the tenth century that we have much light thrown on the islands' history. In that century, Harold of Norway becoming unpopular by oppressive acts, his people left him in great numbers. Some of these blue-eyed, light-haired, and sturdy adventurers settled in Scotland, and even far-off Iceland, but others came to the shores of Orkney. Of their wars, victories, feats of danger and daring, the sagas of Eglis tell. Laughing "at wind and storm," never so happy as tossing upon the angry waters of the sea, their part in Orkney's history is interesting and wonderful. But their independent rule was of short duration. Old Harold landed soon after, and by successful battles subdued his wayward subjects, and placed his own officers as rulers over the newly-conquered lands. These new rulers are the Norse jarls, and they too have their lives told in the sagas.

In still later years by the marriage of some Scottish king with a Danish princess, the islands became the property of Scotland, and, later, the Scottish earls were the Orkney rulers. These earls have an unenviable reputation. Cruel, and living only for their own ends, they soon were forced to fly for their lives. At Scotland's union with England, the islands became the property of Great Britain. Ever since then, under good government, the islands have grown in riches and plenty. Each race have left some remains: the Picts have left their houses, the jarls their sagas and cathedrals, the earls their palaces, and the later rulers their forts.

The islands, great and small, composing the Orkney and Shetland groups, are some thirty or perhaps forty. The "Orkneys" are a collection of about fifteen islands, and the "Shetlands" consist of nearly twenty or twenty-five. Separated by many miles of sea, these two groups are yet connected by ties of friendship, government and common pursuits. Of the Orkney group, the island of Hoy is, perhaps, the grandest of them all. It is a mountain island, consisting of three distinct peaks. Between these high and rocky summits are damp, dark, and mossy ravines or valleys.

* * * * *

It was well into the night when we came to Bressay Sound. Although not dark, yet lights were glimmering from the windows of the houses in Lerwick, resting on the shores of the safe harbor. As we at last dropped our anchor and sounded the cannon, innumerable boats, with lanterns at their prow, pushed out from the shore and surrounded us. They pushed and surged about, each one anxious to make

a few pennies by taking us or our luggage ashore.

On the hill-side rising from the north shore lie the clustering houses of the town of Lerwick. Like the towns of the Orkney Islands, it is a curious jumbling together of low, gabled-roofed, small-windowed houses. The general air of the place savors of the Low Countries towns. The short-skirted women, with white frilled caps, heavy clothes, and often wooden shoes, almost astonish one when they speak English instead of Dutch. Over the winding, crooked street with the great paving-stones the veritable Shetland ponies clatter along, and the carts lumbering behind them make a dull rumbling. It is on market days that Lerwick dons her holiday dress. The little quays, privately owned, and jutting out into the waters of the bay, are alive with men, women, and children. It is the custom on such days for people of the neighboring islands to enter their boats, and, with their cargo of peat, set sail for the town. Often there will be great numbers of these well-laden boats entering the harbor, and swarming around the piers like bees about a hive. The women leap from the boats, and slinging the basket of peat over their shoulders, start off for the nearest shop, that they may barter for this and the other. The men, left behind, clothed in rough tarpaulins and odd homespun clothes, lazily fasten their boats, and pass the news with their friends. But not only do visitors come from seaward. From the central part of the island—from the regions of solitude and peat-bogs—numberless troops come winding over the hill behind the town, down the slope, to the market-place. It is a quaint sight to watch them. The little ponies, shaggy of mane,

and with long, handsome tails, are heavily burdened. They have no bridle, only a string about their neck; on their backs are pack-saddles, often so covered with bags of peat, or perhaps grass, that the pony is scarcely to be seen at all. If by chance, after all the goods are crowded upon the docile animal's back, one small portion of the rump appears, the good woman, his master, leaps lightly on, and away goes pony, bags, and woman to the town beyond. When this collection of ponies, men, women, and children is seen together, the sight is very picturesque. All look so odd, are so animated, that one long remembers it. After the day's trading is over, away go the boatloads, singing and laughing, the women pulling the stronger oar. Over the hill the long file of ponies and riders wend their way homeward.

Our accommodations at Lerwick were of a rather romantic description. The town boasts of a hotel, but a more inhospitable home could not be found. Becoming disgusted, I left, and at last found a new home. On a cliff, overlooking a bay and the North Sea beyond, a stone cottage had been built. The worthy matron, for a consideration, gave me the front-room. The traits I have noticed in that family may be taken to be the traits in a majority of the families. Kind, patient always ready to laugh with the merry or cry with the distressed, they are hard-working and contented. In this far-away island they knew even of our colleges and our poets. Emerson, Longfellow, and Lowell they knew well, and a more kindly feeling than these people have for us cannot be found. The people of the town are industrious and well off. Some of the cottages boast of elegance. Built

of stone, surrounded by flower gardens sheltered by walls of stone, they can look from their windows over the town below, and out upon the water. On Sundays during service the streets are deserted, the churches full.

I have often been asked, "How do these people live? what can they do with this rocky, barren waste?" Well, they do not need as much as some other people; their wants are simple, easily satisfied. Every class has different means of living. There are the peat-women, the sheep-raiser, the fisherman, the shopman; all these have different wants, and lead different lives. The Shetland hosiery is world known. Children are taught the art of knitting almost before anything else; and the socks, shawls, and veils manufactured by the knitting women of Shetland are sent south in large quantities. Some of the shawls are of such fineness and beauty that they grace the shoulders of noble ladies. It is an art carried to greater perfection here than anywhere else. The fisherman and the sheep-raiser are quite prosperous. It is in the shop-man or the merchant that we find the most flourishing class. Some of the merchants are rich, looking at riches from a Shetland stand-point. They own neat shops, pretty houses, and lead contented, prosperous lives.

The houses of the poorer classes, those living outside and back from the town, are of the rudest and most miserable construction. When it is desired to build, a trench is dug about a square tract of ground, and from these trenches are built rude walls to the height of perhaps six feet. The crevices and holes are plastered with mud. Over the inclosed space, and resting on the four walls, is placed a thatched roof of straw, with coatings of earth, and

covered with stones to keep the whole from being blown away by the heavy gales that often sweep across the island. The interior of these huts almost beggars description. The only light is that from the open door or the square-cut hole in the roof. The last mentioned opening serves for the chimney as well. Entering one of these miserable houses, the stranger is almost incredulous when told that in this one room live often a whole family.

But a volume might be written of Shetland wonders. Each day brings something new. There are excursions to the northern part of the island, to the Dongs, great stacks of rock surrounded by water. One may also visit the Out Skerries, a group of fishing islands. St. Magnus Bay, too, is very grand, with its island rocks and high cliffs. But to tell of these is too long a tale. The Castle of Mousa, passed on the way from the Orkneys to Lerwick, is a remain of the Viking days well worth a visit. It is a turret, mortar-shaped mass of rocks, the interior once having been inhabited. It is chiefly interesting as being a most perfect ruin of an early Pictish burg. In olden times, Erland, having carried off a beautiful princess, defied the avengers, from this small castle.

While the Northern Islands have not southern beauty, they have a grandeur of their own—the bluff high rocks with no clinging shrubs, the caves, the peaks, the deserted fields. All these Shetland claims. What sights and years of war have these islands witnessed! The imagination almost refuses to believe that they are indeed the scenes of deeds older than those of history. It seems incredible that this castle or that ruined burg should have been standing since the days of mythology.

From The Christian Intelligencer.

THE DOMINE ON HIS VACATION.

OFF FOR SCOTLAND—LIFE ON SHIPBOARD—NORWEGIAN COOKERY—
GOOD ADVICE, ETC.*Atlantic Ocean,——1877.*

MY DEAR A.:—Our faces are toward the rising sun. We are all here, the "Yuffrow" and the "Kinders," as well as the "Domine." I could not leave them behind. I know the boys are young to travel; Walter is but eleven, and Harvey but seven, and neither have been in school. But Walter can read, and both have been pretty well trained. I think the desire to go abroad was as strong in me at their age as it is now.

This steamer belongs to a new merchant line between Bergen, in Norway, and New York. She is laden with grain, for London. There are accommodations for fifteen cabin passengers, but, besides ourselves, there are but two on board, viz.: an old Hollandish sea-captain, and his young wife, returning home to settle down. He reads the Bible to her for hours daily, in his stateroom, so loud as to be heard throughout the cabin; and swears just as loud when he talks to her.

I remember my promise to write you such details of our journey as may serve for a guide-book to you when you come after us. We expect to be absent three months, and to confine our expenses within three hundred dollars apiece. Counting the two children as equal to one adult, that will make nine hundred dollars; or, let us say ten dollars a day for the three months of May, June, and July. That will be nine hundred and twenty dollars. In no case can we go beyond a thousand. Our passage costs \$180. Taking Cook's Tour-

ist tickets, we might have gone by the regular lines at the same rates. But we prefer to get off the regular lines of travel. We mean to conform to the usages of the people with whom we come in contact, so as to learn, as much as possible, of their habits of thought, and feeling, and action, and we shall not go near the Pan-Presbyterian Council. On board this ship we are in a little Norway. Early in the morning, the steward brings us each a cup of black coffee with a little sugar. I believe that this is ship usage on vessels of all nations. At nine we have a hearty breakfast of beefsteak and onions, which last I pass by.

Our dinners are largely, if not purely, Norwegian. The soup one day was ice soup. Each plate contained two lumps of ice, two slices of lemon, two sticks of cinnamon, and a red liquid of delicious flavor, which I suspect was claret, though it was eaten in all respects as a soup, and we all enjoyed it, and asked no questions for conscience sake. The second course was peas, delicious little French peas, with huge slices of boiled tongue, and carrots, chopped very fine; very good. Thirdly, we had veal cutlet, nicely fried in bread crumbs. Fourthly, cranberries, stewed as usual with us, grown in Norway. But they are not as good as the New Jersey berry. They have the opium flavor characteristic of the upland berry that grows on the mountains of Maine. Fifthly, came the fruits; oranges, English walnuts, excellent prunes, etc., etc., etc.

The captain is very courteous. He has with him, a young naval officer, sent out, according to the regulations of the Norwegian navy, to study navigation practically in the merchant service. He and the young doctor make very intelligent companions for us. To us they will be representative Norwegians.

At tea, we had a herring-salad, arranged in colors, as the principal dish. The herring was in the centre, and of a pinkish hue. Around that was a rim of the white of eggs, leaving four corners, of which, two, diagonally opposite, were of the yellow of eggs, and the remaining two, red, with chopped beets. Our steward has an eye for colors.

These Norwegian sailors have faces and knives precisely like that of the "Norwegian Killing a Bear" in Peter Parley's wonderful geography. Still, I must doubt whether even a Norwegian bear, in actual life, ever stood up so patiently with one fore paw on each shoulder of the man about to kill him, waiting until he should feel the drawn knife in his bowels, and thus enjoy all the benefits of *harkari* without committing the personal sin of actual suicide. The ship rocks regularly all day, much of the time dipping her gunwale in the water, and occasionally taking in water across her decks amidships. There is little wind to-day; no white caps, yet there is a long motion of the water which causes the ship to rock slowly, and stand so long before it comes back, that I involuntarily find myself leaning forward as if in a rocking chair, lest I go quite over. The Yuffrow has nearly finished Vol. 1st of Dickens' England to me and the children, making silent progress between-whiles in "Edwin

Drood." Consequently, she calls the Dru-ids *Droods*. This afternoon she has been reading aloud from a guide to London, full of interest. Now she is sewing up a little bag to facilitate coffee-making. She has a headache. We use our own coffee and tea entirely. To-day we had for soup, rice and concentrated milk, and it was good. I ate nothing else, save tasting the pickled cherries, opened for the first time. The day has been cloudy, but pleasant. Now the sun comes out a little. We saw two ships yesterday, and one to-day.

The children have just climbed into one of the boats hanging at the davits. That wouldn't be allowed on a passenger steamer. They are enjoying themselves very much. We are a little anxious lest they may tumble overboard. If I were to come alone to Europe in August, I should pay the price of a steerage passage, and sleep in one of these boats, preparing cover of oil cloth against rain, etc. I should only want besides, a good bed of sweet hay, and an old thick woolen comfortable. Then, with a dozen cans of cherries and peaches, two or three jars of beef tea, lemons, and crackers, I should *fare well*. One can't eat much on shipboard. That would cost only thirty dollars apiece. But wife couldn't stand that, though the children could. I should *prefer* sleeping in the open air, it is so close down stairs. I do not regret this experience of a cheap trip at all; but no man who has had it once will try it again. Take the best steamer you can get; go by railroad to Boston, or Halifax, if possible; then ship to the nearest point of Ireland. That's my deliberate advice. I understand now various reserves of traveled friends who said hesitatingly, "Yes, you'll *save*

that way." So much for the lesson learned by experience. I prefer to save some other way.

And don't let anybody deceive you with the wicked nonsense that sea-sickness is "good for your health." For this purpose, a table spoonful of castor oil is worth all the sea-sickness in the world, except, perhaps, for a gourmand, who *will* kill himself with delicacies. On shipboard he will *prefer* to eat little. But enough. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

The Remains of England's Wooden Walls.

The oldest vessel, indeed, in Portsmouth Harbor is *Nelson's Victory*, the only ship which the sentiment of the nation will never allow to be broken up. She is one hundred and eleven years of age. She is not the first of the name, a previous *Victory*, as great, but not so fortunate as herself, having been lost at sea with a thousand hands.

Next to the *Victory* in point of age is probably the *St. Vincent*, now a training ship; after her the *Excellent*, formerly called the *Queen Charlotte*, whose launch was signalized by an accident which caused the drowning of fifty people: the *Carnatic* and *Malabar*, now black old hulks, once gallant ships of Nelson's time, though not of Nelson's fleets. Then comes Codrington's flag-ship at Navarino, the *Asia*, an old indian-built teak ship: there is the *Bellerophon*, which received Napoleon; half-a-dozen splendid old three deckers which, like the *Donegal*, the *Glasgow*, and the *Victoria*, have seen blue water on a single trip; or else, like the *Camperdown*, have lain forgotten by the Admiralty, and actually never been to sea at all.

Among other relics of bygone fashions there is the *Actæon*, the last sailing ship ever built for the navy; the poor old *Oberon*, which once did good service cutting out slavers, now condemned to be a target for torpedoes; there is perhaps the last of the old French prizes still afloat, the *Blonde*, captured in the time when if a war-ship came back to Plymouth or Portsmouth without her prize she was felt to have disgraced herself; and alongside the modern royal yachts, bright and dainty with gilding and paint lies the *Royal George*—not the old line-of battle ship which went down with the flag of Admiral Kempenfeldt, and dragged down with her twice four hundred men, but a ship-rigged, square built craft, designed for King George III, in which his grand-daughter, Queen Victoria, made her first voyage to Scotland.

London Daily News.

A Lone Ship's Cruise on the Pacific.

The British ship *Ida Iredale*, while in the South Pacific, on a voyage from Ardrossan, on the Clyde, to this port, took fire and was abandoned on the 15th of October, 1876, while in the latitude 12.20 south, longitude 107.45 west. News has come to hand that her hull drifted about for nine months, and was discovered at a point 2,350 miles distant from where the disaster occurred. She was towed into Tahiti, and an inspection of her hull was made by the English consul and Captain Turple, master of the London missionary vessel *John Williams*. Captain Turple makes the following interesting report as to her condition and her long voyage without captain or crew: The whole of the woodwork, indeed everything combustible, has been consumed, leaving only the iron-

work of what was once a remarkably strong and substantial vessel. The foremast has fallen over the port side and has entirely disappeared from the deck upward. The bowsprit, with a portion of the jibboom, still remains, though displaced from its position. The main and mizzen lower masts, with all ironwork attached, remain within the structure, having fallen in. The bread and water tanks have evidently exploded after generating steam. The whole frame from 'tween-deck beams is sadly distorted and twisted by the action of the fire. Many of the beams are broken by the weight of deck fittings, etc. The collision bulkhead still appears intact. There still remains, I should suppose, about one hundred tons of ashes and debris, which are still burning. No water is visible in the hold, and the iron plates of the ship outwardly appear little damaged. The bottom is clean—kept so, I imagine, by the intense heat. The figurehead is uninjured. From the position where she was abandoned to this place is about 2,350 miles. The ship has therefore driven that distance between October 15th, 1876, and June 9th, 1877. The course made by the burning wreck I suppose to be about west-southwest, south of the Paumotu group; then meeting with the southeast winds which prevail during April, May and June, she was driven to the northwest until taken in tow by the French man-of-war. It is a most remarkable thing that a burning ship should have driven over eight months in the Pacific without being reported, and that she should at last be brought into the port which her captain and crew had reached seven months previously.—*San Francisco Call.*

The Dead Sea.

The Dead Sea is about forty miles long, and about eight in width. On its north and west shores is a pebble and muddy beach, without shell or trace of living creature, so far as I observed; no vegetation surrounds it, and for our usual noon-day lunch we could obtain no shade from the sun. I had to use my umbrella, and can now better understand Jonah's complaint over his withered gourd, and the beauty of the prophet's figure—"the shadow of a great rock in a weary land!" On its banks, near its junction with the Jordan, are a number of reeds, but they were perfectly withered and brittle, probably irrigated, however, by some stray streams from that river at the period of its annual overflow. Altogether, the scene was the wildest and most deathlike of any I have ever seen, and had an extremely depressing effect on the spirits, for which, no doubt, an unwonted atmosphere was also to blame. So intense was the heat at this level—the lowest spot on the earth's surface being 1,300 feet under the level of the Mediterranean Sea, and more than 3,700 under that of Jerusalem—that three of our party, who had made a tour of the world, said they had never experienced heat so intolerable, not even under the equator, nor yet on the Red Sea voyage. It seems obvious that the Dead Sea water surface was, at no very distant era, several hundred feet higher in level. This fact, I think, incidentally indicates the former fertility of Palestine, because a luxurious vegetation would produce more rain, and consequently a larger volume of water-supply by the Jordan and its tributaries than in modern times. Some say

a miasma rises from the slime beds of the Dead Sea, which induces depression of spirits and excessive fatigue. This is possible, but probably imagination has something to do with the feeling. True it is, however, that neither man nor living thing tarries many hours in its vicinity; nor is boat seen on its silent solitary waters, although from their high specific gravity every thing floatable swims on its surface with remarkable buoyancy. Even the naval officer who undertook to survey its boundaries and sound its depth has done so very imperfectly, driven off, if I remember aright, by sickness. The waters of the Dead Sea contain nearly a fourth part of solid matter, of which one-half is common salt. It is said the bottom or bed of the sea is of asphalt, and lumps of bitumen are frequently seen on its shores, as also some flakes of sulphur. The sense of solitude is awful, nor can I imagine any punishment more severe than to be left here alone for even a single week. The Valley of the Dead Sea is surely the most extraordinary fact of geography. Its waters have been sounded, and found 1,320 feet deep, so that its bottom is nearly a mile lower than Jerusalem! Ever filling and without egress, it yet is never full—assuredly no unfit type of the “valley of the shadow of death!”—*The East*.

Hudson River Commerce.

But seventy years have elapsed since the first steam vessel was placed upon the waters of the Hudson, and made a trip from New York to this city. The growth of steam navigation since that time has been remarkable. We can fancy the astonishment that would mark the faces of the honest burghers of three-score and ten

years ago, who were so incredulous as to believe that steam could never be utilized as a motive power for propelling vessels,—if they were to return for a brief space to their former homes. Their amazement would not be lessened, either, when information of the various improvements that have been made from time to time in this respect was imparted to them. From that experimental trip of the *Clermont*, in 1807, great results have sprung, and now nearly four thousand steam vessels of various grades, owned by citizens of the United States, sustain the commercial traffic of the nation, both on sea and inland waters. Of this number, there are 131 ocean vessels, 39 of which were built in this State. The remainder, with the exception of seven, which are of foreign build, were built in the United States. The steam vessels plying on inland waters number 3,816, of which 803 were built in this State, and 27 of those in this city. The total tonnage of this vast fleet is about 937,312 tons, of which 404,410 belongs to the government inspection district, including in its boundaries New York and Philadelphia. Within this district, also, is the local district of Albany, of which Messrs. Brainard and Harvey are inspectors. This district has 125 steam vessels of an aggregate tonnage of 22,789 tons. Forty-three of these vessels are classed as inland passenger, 13 as ferry, 51 as towing, 3 as freight, 2 as steam canal boats and 8 as yachts.—

Albany Evening Journal.

THE N. Y. COAST WRECKING COMPANY received from one of its divers, Nov. 4th., a bottle of sweet oil from the wreck of the bark *Roberts*, stranded on the New Jersey coast in 1844.

MATTERS OF MORE OR LESS MOMENT.

We would gladly give more space than is at our command, to several matters grouped under this heading.

Cleopatra's Needle.

In the absence of official and detailed statement, we simply record the facts that the steamer *Olga* of Liverpool, Eng., which had in tow the Egyptian Obelisk which is ultimately to be set up in London,—arrived with it, off Cape Finisterre, Spain, at 5 p. m., on Saturday October 13th. Next morning a violent squall arose, increasing to a furious gale. The sea arose with great rapidity, but the *Cleopatra*, which contained the obelisk, behaved admirably, shipping no heavy water. On Sunday evening, with falling barometer, the wind veered to westward, the sea becoming so turbulent and dangerous that the *Cleopatra* was hove to. At 6 in the evening a tremendous sea threw the *Cleopatra* on her beam ends. The mast was then cut away, and every effort made to right her, but without success. Signals of distress were made by the *Cleopatra*, and at 10 o'clock, the wind having abated, six brave men from the *Olga* pluckily went to the rescue. They succeeded in reaching the *Cleopatra*, but before they could render any assistance their boat was swept away and seen no more. The *Olga* went on an unsuccessful search for the men, and then returned to where the *Cleopatra* had been cut adrift, the Maltese crew of the *Cleopatra* having been previously saved by a boat being hauled to her from the *Olga* by means of a rope. The search for the valuable treasure was continued for some time, but after several hours of profitless drifting about, farther hope was abandoned. The *Olga* then proceeded for Falmouth, and thence to Newcastle. The readers of the MAGAZINE have already learned that the obelisk thus lost was safely recovered, after having drifted over two hundred miles, by a Spanish coast steamer, and towed into the Spanish harbor of Ferrol. It is now said that it may remain at Ferrol during all the present winter, pending the determination of the question of salvage in the Admiralty Court.

Relics of The Sir John Franklin Arctic Expedition.

Recent issues of the New York daily papers print information that Thomas Barrett, second officer of the whaling bark *A. Houghton*, lost in Hudson's Bay on June 12th, 1876, has arrived in New York, and has in his possession a solid silver spoon, bearing the Sir John Franklin crest, which he obtained from an Esquimaux Indian, near Hudson's Bay. Mr. Barrett says that the native from whom he purchased the spoon, informed him that the ship from which the spoon was obtained, was crushed by the ice at an island near Cape Hallowell, and that the natives took the crew to a point near Cape Englefield, and kept them until, one by one, they perished from cold and hunger, or disease. "The natives are very superstitious," added Mr. Barrett, "and the winter being severe, and game very scarce, they ascribed the cause to the anger of the Great Spirit at the presence of the white men, and it is not improbable that they may have killed and eaten some of the crew; but I believe from what they say, that most, if not all, of them perished. The only food the natives had at that time, they stated was sealskin. The Esquimaux added to their other statements the declarations that FRANKLIN's vessel became a total wreck. Sir John was with his crew and the Esquimaux recognized him as the 'Hilata' or leader. They also said that the white men who died, were buried by them, by being sewed up in skins and laid on the ground, after which stones were piled all around and over each body, to keep the bears and wolves away. The most important fact they communicated was that this crew of whites left a lot of books with writing on them, which were also buried at Englefield. This spot is about 900 miles inland, and has not yet been reached by any of the exploring parties."

Mr. Barrett informed the reporters that it is now contemplated to fit out an expedition from New York, in the spring, to secure the records of the Franklin Expedition. The matter has been laid before Professor Nourse, of the Smithsonian Institute, and he has written to the British Government concerning it.

*Winter Work on the New York and
Brooklyn Bridge.*

The top of the Brooklyn pier of the East River Bridge, says the *N. Y. Tribune*, now presents a scene of comfort as well as activity. While the men are engaged in running the wire over the river, Engineer Farrington, in a small but comfortable building erected for his benefit, directs the movements of the workmen, and occasionally comes forward to make some alteration in the position of the cables or machinery. This is the first winter that preparations have been made for the comfort and accommodation of the workmen. Last winter the men were engaged upon such work that it was impossible to provide for their comfort while working; but this year small houses have been erected upon the cradles to protect the men. Other arrangements have been made for the comfort of the men, during working hours.

Disasters to American Whalers.

Many readers of the *MAGAZINE* will remember that in our issue for December, 1876, we mentioned the serious disaster to the American Whaling Fleet in the Arctic Regions, which brought about the abandonment in September of that year, of twelve vessels, mostly belonging to New Bedford, Mass., and the loss of life of fifty to sixty of the sailors in their crews. A portion of the crews were then brought to Honolulu, S. I., in the New Bedford bark *Three Brothers*. Now, a recent despatch states that the latest arrivals from the whaling regions in the Arctic Ocean, this year, announce the total loss of the barks *Three Brothers* and *W. A. Farnsworth* in the ice. The *Roman* escaped, and, with the *Dawn*, has reached San Francisco. One vessel had been reported lost in the Arctic Ocean, the first part of the season, and the fleet appears to have been battling with the ice more than usual.

U. S. Marine Hospital Statistics.

The report of Dr. Jno. M. Woodworth, in charge of the U. S. Marine Hospital, for the year ending June 30th, 1877, shows the collection, during the year, of \$372,465, and the expenditure of \$368,395. The number of seamen received was 15,822, and the average cost \$24 05 each, which was the lowest average cost

ever reached. The cost per man, in 1870, was \$38 41.

Death of a Veteran Seaman.

An old man-of-war's man, named James Spencer, died last week, says the *N. Y. Tribune* of the 12th November, at the Sailor's Snug Harbor, Staten Island, after a residence there of more than a quarter of a century. He was seventy-eight years old, and was the last survivor of the famous fight between the American frigate *Essex* and the British men-of-war *Phœbe* and *Cherub*, in Valparaiso Harbor, in the war of 1812. Spencer shipped as powder-boy, on the *Essex*, at the breaking out of the war, and served throughout her long cruise, under Captain David Porter. On the same vessel was the late Admiral Farragut, as midshipman, on his first cruise. Farragut always received his old shipmate kindly, whenever business brought the Admiral to New York. At Farragut's funeral, Spencer persisted in following the hearse to the grave, through a severe rain storm. The consequence was a cold on his lungs, from which he never recovered.

"Tacking Ship Off Shore."

In the edition of Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song," published by J. B. Ford & Co. in 1876, the poem "Tacking Ship off Shore"—one of the best pieces of that description ever printed—which originally appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and was copied into the *SAILOR'S MAGAZINE* in January of the present year,—is credited to Mrs. Celia Thaxter. "W. S. J." writing from Chester, Pa. to the *N. Y. Evening Post*, says, that it "was written by the Rev. Walter Mitchell, now of Rutland, Vermont, and formerly, I believe, of New Bedford, Mass."

From the U. S. Life Saving Stations.

We have letters of thanks for the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* donated to the stations, in addition to those before noted,—from Keeper G. F. BABCOCK, Dist. No. 8, Station No. 1 (coast of Lake Erie); from Keeper Alpheus Mayo, Station No. 12, Dist. No. 2 (Chatham, Mass); from Keeper W. M. HUSSEY, Station No. 5, Dist. No. 1 (Bid

deford Pool, Me.); and from Keeper W. E. VAN ALSTINE, Station No. 1, Dist. No. 8 (Big Sandy Creek, Lake Ontario).

Keeper W. E. VAN ALSTINE, writing to us, Oct. 30th, adds to his letter, above referred to, as follows: "To-day, this station was the scene of an enjoyable occasion long to be remembered by Keeper and crew, and all those that participated in the good time that was had. There is a revival of religion at Ellis Village, five miles away, in which there is good evidence that one hundred and thirty-five have taken a stand to do better, and live the life of Christians. This day, GEO. WOOD, LINUS COBB, JAMES BACHELOR, ELDER NEWMAN and ELDER WOODWARD, the resident Minister of Ellis village, Leaders of the Praying Band, made us a visit—our station is on an island, 2½ miles from the mainland—also a large number of citizens. After refreshments, Mr. Wood offered up a feeling prayer to the Throne of Grace in behalf of Keeper and crew. Then the Leaders sang several pieces of most excellent music, the like of which was seldom, if ever, heard on this lonely island. We then launched the Life Boat, and took the Praying Band, with as many ladies as could be comfortably seated, and rowed them to the mainland, where religious services were held in the afternoon, the Keeper and crew attending."

We quote from Keeper FEABEN, Dist. No. 9, Station No. 5 (Forty Mile Point, Lake Huron), who writes:

"I have read the MAGAZINE with interest, and hope it may be a constant visitor." At this station we are situated seventeen miles from any other dwelling, on a wild coast, with impenetrable woods in the rear. Myself and crew were in hopes that some benevolent souls might send us a few books to put in the neat little library case sent to us a few days before. With many thanks, yours sincerely."

We are happy to say that Keeper F. has doubtless received, before this, the library sent to his station from our Rooms, in October. — So also has Keeper SILVERTHORN Dist. No. 9, Station No. 3 (Sturgeon Point, Lake Huron), whose letter expressing his strong desire for books, said:—"Please accept the sincere thanks of myself and crew for the MAGAZINE. There are many things contained in it of profit to all. May God bless you in your great work in the Lord's vineyard!"

A Christian's Joy Over Our Library Work—Tribute to a Soldier Hero.

A friend whose soul has been profoundly stirred by tidings of the conversions on a vessel upon which she had sent out one of our Loan Libraries,—forwards \$20 to put another afloat, and says:—

"My heart is so full of joy to-day, that it has led me to think of the joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. My soul has been made to give thanks to God, for the glad tidings which the November MAGAZINE has brought to me."

Then, writing of the gallant Gen. W. F. BARTLETT, of Massachusetts, in whose memory the library from which she had heard such good news, was provided by her, she adds:—"He was a man we ne'er shall see his like again. I wish I could send a copy of his life, when published, in every library that leaves our shores. Let me quote from the language of a friend, every word of which is truth:—

'As a citizen, husband, father, and in all the relations of life he was a pure, good man; a treasure and example in society; as a citizen a gentleman at all times; a devoted Christian, whose daily life was in harmony with his profession. On the memorable Sunday morning of his decease, while surrounded by his devoted family and friends, he met the last great enemy, Death, with that same calm, heroic courage, which characterized his whole life, and won his greatest grandest victory! He, who had faced death, in the frowns of forts, and the roar of cannons, faced it again with a patience and courage, that was never excelled; and as he quietly and calmly listened to the sound of the church bells, his great shining blue eyes seemed fixed upon something afar off; as perhaps, he caught the first glimpse of the Commander, summoning him to the Grand Review of His faithful; and then, without a groan, as a child might drop asleep, he went to his reward.'

"Truly could he say:—

'O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O Resurrection day!
Ye angels from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away!'

"He has left a fragrant memory, and loving him as a foster child of mine, I ask this brief tribute to a noble Christian hero. It might be a little seed-corn, productive of some fruit, to a casual reader, just as the glad tidings come to

me to-day. I don't know, when I have felt so happy, and so grateful for the joyful news of Salvation."

Straight From a Christian Captain's Heart—God's Work on His Ship.

A noble Sea Captain, as modest as he is brave, writes to one of our laborers:

At Sea, October, 1877.

My Friend and Brother in Christ:

Some two or three weeks since I proposed to my men that they should write a few lines to your Society in Wall St., by way of acknowledgment for the good deeds done seamen in sending on ship board a library of good books; also to hand me such names among them as were willing to contribute to the cause, for the Library No. 5,957,* now on our ship. I am pleased with their letter, and also feel that all who have given for the SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY have done so bountifully.†

Now a little experience of my own, which as I am assured will be of interest to you, I gladly write. It may be a false delicacy which often holds me back from writing anything of my own experience as connected with the work of God in the salvation of the lost. But the Lord has done a great work here among us, and I would desire to hold not back, but sing it out to His praise who alone can bring the dead to life. On my passage out from New York to San Francisco, we had our usual services on board, Sundays, and then two evenings during the week. Nothing of interest, perhaps I may say, occurred on the outward voyage excepting the growing in grace of two boys who were professed followers of Christ, and yet Eternity alone will tell in whose hearts the seed of divine grace had been sown. Our Sundays are usually very quiet. Some of the men, I may say most of them, like to read, and they get away by themselves and read the library books &c., so that with all these quiet Sabbaths' influence, I have faith to believe good is being done.

I am sorry to confess that I often find myself with little heart to engage in the Lord's service. But for twelve years I have never been so cold in heart as to give up the coming together of all who would meet with me in the cabin to sing God's

praises, and to read his Word and talk of his goodness to us who have ever been unworthy of the least of his mercy.

When procuring my crew in San Francisco, for Manilla, I tried to get a few Christian men and went to Mr. Bishop, Missionary, about it, but some how I failed. We had our usual meetings on the voyage over, but no conversions. After leaving Manilla and before arriving at Sunda Straits, one soul had found the Savior and was rejoicing in the Lord. From this time the work of the Spirit has been manifest among us. Since leaving Sunda Straits, August 13th, we have had four evening meetings during the week, and for a time the boys had meetings in the fore-castle.

Eight or nine give evidence of having been hopefully converted to God. I trust their names are written in the Lamb's book of life. Among this number my mate, for whom I have been praying three years, is rejoicing in Christ, also my second mate. I believe every man on the ship has been under deep conviction of sin, but some are worse now than ever, and are still in bondage because they will not give up and come to the Savior. I am still hoping for others, and praying for those who seem to desire to be Christians but are not quite ready to give up all.

From his Ship's Crew.

The crew of this Christian Captain transmit to us, and we gladly publish the following, dated October 23rd, 1877.

To the friends of Seamen's interests and welfare:

We, the crew of the ship *Farragut*, Captain J. WILBUR, desire to thank you for the interest you have taken in our soul's welfare. We have read the books and papers we received at your hands, and I trust the Lord has blessed them to us.

Our Captain being a follower of Christ, we have had meetings in the cabin every Sunday, and also during the week we have had meetings in the fore-castle, and souls have been converted to God, both seamen and officers. We unite our prayers with yours in behalf of those souls who throng the broad road to destruction. May the Lord bless you and crown your good work with glory!

From yours respectfully, in Christ,

ROBERT H. ROOT, SAMUEL B. LENNON,
AUGUST M. BOHN, JAMES H. SMITH, WARREN N. PACKER, ROBERT McDONALD.

* Contributed by Miss S. J. Beebe's Day School, Yonkers, N. Y.

† The contribution was \$20.

The following is the record of the contribution from this ship.

Robert H. Root, \$1.00; Samuel B. Lennan, \$1.00; August M. Bohn, \$1.00; James H. Smith, \$1.00; Warren N. Packer, \$1.00; Robert McDonald, \$1.00; William H. Smith, \$1.00; Nekloe Gesen, \$1.00; Joseph Joamry, \$1.00; Charles Hellen Gron, 50 cts.; John Sullivan, \$1.00; Mr. Sprague, \$1.00; Mr. Conway, \$1.00; Mr. Hatch, \$1.00; Capt. Wilbur, \$6.50.

Our Scandinavian Missions.

At an unusually full meeting of the Trustees, held Oct. 29th., Secretary HALL gave an extended report of his recent visit to our various Missions, particularly to those in Northern Europe. Beginning at ANTWERP in *Belgium*, where he was present to inaugurate a series of services connected with the opening of Chaplain Matthews' "Tyndall Memorial and Mariners' Institute," he passed on to HAMBURG, making an address on Sabbath evening to a congregation of seamen and their friends, in the Bethel, under care of Captain HITCHENS, the efficient missionary there. Thence passing to the North by way of Kiel, he reached COPENHAGEN, to meet for christian conference, our missionaries WOLLESON, WAHLSTEDT, RYMKER, and RYDING, all good men and true, and earnestly devoted to the work of giving the Gospel to seamen.

In the frequent interviews had with these brethren, the impression long entertained in regard to their devotion and usefulness was greatly deepened, and from various sources ample testimony was furnished to shew, that in their hands the Society's interest was faithfully cared for.

At MALMO, *Sweden*, where Mr. Wahlstedt occasionally visits, there seemed work enough to occupy a missionary all

his time, and as at RÅA, and two or three other places, the needs of sailors call for a special appropriation. At STOCKHOLM, the Secretary met our Mr. LJUNGBERG, whom he found to be greatly respected by the independent ministers of the city, and esteemed by those of the established church, of which he is a member. In Mr. ERICKSSON, of GEFLE, the Secretary found a very interesting, and in some respects a remarkable man. His experience illustrates the wisdom of patient service, for now after years of self-denying and earnest toil, he is reaping his reward, in a revival along the sea-coast to the North of Stockholm, of extraordinary power.

At CHRISTIANIA, *Norway*, a vigorous work in behalf of seamen is maintained by the State Church, under the special management of a retired sea-captain, who has charge of a sailor's reading-room, leads their prayer-meetings, etc., and holds services on ship-board, as opportunity offers. We also have an English speaking missionary there, who is taking hold of his work with gratifying zeal, and another at DRAMMEN, under the direction of Rev. H. P. BERGH, who for many years has been identified with our special work.

Returning by way of GOTTENBERG, it was found, that at this important seaport, there was great need of an English-speaking missionary, and an effort was started to secure the proper man for the place.

Very much valuable information has been gained in regard to that distant field, and facts obtained, in view of which the Board will be enabled to adjust its appropriations and appointments, so as more effectually to secure the object of the Society. The missionaries expressed their great delight in the visit of the Secretary, and seemed encouraged by his presence and counsel, to prosecute their work with new hopefulness and vigor.

The Sailor's Text.

THE CREAKING PLANK.

"Verily there is but a step between me and death."—1 Sam. xx. 3.

Would that I might ever live under this solemnising impression,—“To-day I am in health and in strength; but I know not what an hour may bring forth. ‘The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.’” One timber in the apparently strong Vessel of Life may start, and no skill or seamanship can avert the inevitable result. “It is appointed unto men once to die.” And *were* I to die, how would it fare with me? *Have* I been living—*am* I living, as I would wish I had been doing when I come to that last solemn hour? Reader! God may be speaking solemnly to you at this moment, in His providence. Perhaps some sickness or illness—the death of some neighbor or friend, like the creaking timbers of a ship, may have reminded you that you cannot live away—that there is nothing at any moment but the few frail planks of existence between you and the ocean of death.

Oh! seek so to live, that the step between you and the grave may be but a step between you and heaven.

“There only is this fleeting breath
Between me and the gates of death;
Lord Jesus, help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in Thee!”

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

Sweden.

HELSINGBORG.

(On S. W. Coast: Lat. 56° N., Long. 10° 30' E. from Greenwich.)

Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT preached twice, weekly, during July, August and September, at Helsingborg, Malmo, Råa and other places, meeting and addressing hundreds of sailors. During August, while in Copenhagen, for the purpose of meeting Rev. Dr. S. H. HALL, he labored for seamen with Mr. ANDREW WOLLESON, stationed at C. His expressions of thankfulness for the visit of Rev. Dr. Hall, are very profuse, and even touching, in their evident sincerity and heartiness. He states that there is a great field for Christian labor in Skane, where many sailors' and fishermen's families are settled upon the coasts. During the quarter, Rev. Mr. W. preached twenty-five sermons, and visited on board 106 vessels of different nationalities (48 Swedish, 30

Danish, 11 German, 6 English, 3 Dutch, 5 Norwegian, 1 Finlandian, 1 Russian and 1 Turk).

WARBERG AND WEDIGÉ.

(On S. W. Coast: N. Lat. 51° 15' : Long. 10° 30' E. from Greenwich.)

“During the quarter ending September 30th,” says Mr. Christian CARLSSON, “thousands of hearers have listened to the word of God. Many sinners have awakened from the sleep of sin and received life by believing in Jesus. Others are inquiring for their salvation. There is a great hunger among the people for the bread of life. Many sailors and fishermen wait for my visits. May the Lord strengthen them and keep me, and lead all my steps according to His will!”

GEFLE.

(On Eastern Coast: N. Lat. 60° 45' : Long. E. from Greenwich, 17° 15'.)

In July and August Mr. E. ERICKSSON labored in G, in Soderhamm, and else-

where. In Soderhamm fifteen young men and two women united with the church among them a Norwegian sea captain. In September he labored at the Aland Islands (in southern part of Gulf of Bothnia, and belonging to the Grand Duchy of Finland). Then, in Stockholm, he assisted in two temperance meetings and at the Conference of the Young Men's Christian Society (Association?), besides visiting vessels in the harbor.

The Aland group is made up of eighty greater and lesser islands, the largest 40 Swedish square miles in area, with 16,000 inhabitants. The smaller islands have a population of about 500. There is but one town, Mariehamm; population 500, founded in 1851. It has a navigation office, navigation school, telegraph office, high and other schools. It is represented as thirty years behind Sweden, in respect to Christianity and civilization. Sailors and fishermen abound. They have a marine of two hundred vessels, 20,000 tons burden. The Sub-dean, at Mariehamm seemed to be interested in the rise and success of a mission for sailors. Hitherto there has been a sailor mission society at M., sending clergymen to foreign harbors, but doing nothing, religiously, for their own seamen.

Mr. Ericksson preached in Aland twice a day, in five parishes, and to large numbers of people who wept over their sins. A young clergyman attended his meetings, several times, and sought his own soul's salvation. Four sea captains ought the sermons of Moody and Spurgeon and Talmage. The young clergyman before referred to, opened his church for Mr. E's use, and a great number of hearers were brought together,—among them, two other clergymen who seemed to be greatly revived by God's word. He mentions several cases of religious interest among sailors with whom he came into contact.

At Fogla, forbidden to preach by the priest and sergeant of the district, Mr. Ericksson spoke to and prayed with sail-

ors, as he met them. It is now twelve years since he began to work for seamen's souls. The trading vessels at Gefle number 133 sailing vessels, 10 steamboats and 11 steam sloops. During the past summer 584 vessels were cleared for departure, and 486 for entry. In the customs district of Soderhamm, 950 vessels were cleared, and their trading fleet amounts to 10 sailing vessels, 2 steamboats and 16 steam sloops.

ISLAND OF GOTHLAND.

(In Baltic Sea: between 56° and 57° N. Lat.) between 18° and 20° Long. E. from Greenwich.,

The report of old JOHN LINDELIUS for the quarter ending with September, overflows with gratitude for his continued ability to labor in bringing seamen and their families to Jesus Christ, and to this Society for its grant of money to aid in the purchase of a horse. He closes by invoking upon the Society and its work the continued favor of the Heavenly Father.

Norway.

DRAMMEN.

Rev. H. P. BERGH transmits to us a letter of Mr. I. TORGESEN, who wrought for sailors here during a portion of the last summer, and then adds:—

"Before I drop my pen, I cannot omit to tell you about a young English sailor who was converted at the hospital here this summer. One day as I was there to visit a sick sister, the people told me about him. He had been put in there, sick, but they could not speak with him. I went to his room and found him asleep. The next day I renewed my visit and had a long conversation with him. He said that he once had been a child of God and a teacher in a Wesleyan Sunday school, but now he had not read the Bible for six years, or since he was about nineteen years of age. I offered him a little English Bible which I brought with me, but he refused to take it, saying that he could not see in it without reading his condemnation.

"However I got permission to read to him the Bible first, and when through it I said that if I could I would make a little prayer, but as I never had prayed in English, I dared not try. He said, "Pray," and I fell down on my knees,

and for the first time in my life I stammered a short but hearty prayer in a foreign language.

"It was not in vain. When I had prayed, I said,—*"Pray you also."* He answered, *"No, I can't."* I said, *"Try."* "Yes," he said, *"I will try,"* and to my great joy he opened his lips and began to pray aloud. It was a short but touching prayer in which he confessed his sins and asked pardon. The next time I saw him he was another person. He thanked me for the Bible I had given him. He had begun to read in it, and became more and more encouraged to trust in the Lord. He soon found peace with God, and from this time we always had a good time together in reading the Bible, in singing and in prayer.

"As soon as he had become strong enough from his illness, he was ordered by the Consul to return to London, where two of his sisters and a brother lived. He bade me farewell, and went by steamer to London. Arrived there, he wrote to me two letters, the last of which I shall subjoin, as I think it also will interest you to read it. It is dated,—

LONDON, August 4th, 1877.

Dear Friend:—I must write to you once more to thank you for your exceeding kindness to me during my stay in Drammen. I am just about to sail for Bombay, and I knew how glad you would be to have a letter from me before I sailed, so I have just time to send you a long letter. Before I wrote this I had been reading in the Bible which you sent to me while I was sick. It was the second chapter of Romans. I was so comforted, that I felt to conceal my joy would be a sin.

I have prayed very often since I left you, and I have asked God most earnestly to bless you and me, and to guide us to the heavenly fold of grace, and if it should be His will that on earth we shall not meet, that we may meet in Heaven.

I have indeed felt the power of His love, and every day I feel this more than ever. I am in need of His arm to lead me through the snares and temptations which beset me on every side, but I know and steadfastly believe that He will never desert me while I ask sincerely and faithfully for a share of his most bountiful love. I cannot express my gratitude to you for your very timely advice, but I often think God saw it was good for me to be ill, for then, and only then, I fully realized my spiritual position. Good bye, God bless and sustain you,

and give you power to convert others to Him, is the prayer of your very respectful brother in Christ,

JOHN J. CARVER."

Mr. TORGESEN, who has begun Christian work for seamen at Holmsbo, writes to us, October 6th, as follows:

"I had on the 24th June, three meetings, and the Lord was present among us. He blessed His Word so that more souls were slain by its power, and resolved to give themselves to God. In the evening I and some friends went out in the country. We stopped at a house where there was an old sick woman. We were about eight or ten, but when we began our meeting a great many people gathered, and we had a glorious time. Many wept bitterly for their sins, for the Lord sought "that which was lost."

"On Monday morning a girl came to speak with me. She told me that her sins were greater than she could bear them any longer. I was glad to hear this, and told her that Jesus just would receive such, that we had come to save sinners. We prayed together and the Lord blessed her soul. Since that time I have had meetings for a time every day, and often more meetings a day at home and at Roedtangén. The Lord blessed them all. We felt his presence among us.

"Then I left my home again for the sea. I was absent about a month, and did also work on board; as I hope, not in vain. After that, again at home for fourteen days I had many good meetings. I also was eight days in Drammen, where I had many blessed meetings; I must mention one of them, where nearly all present professed to have peace with God. I asked them to rise who had not peace, and two rose up. We joined in prayer, and before we departed they also were happy.

"Since then I have been at sea again among wicked people, to whom I could do but little. But at our return from sea, when leaving, I gave them a letter with godly admonitions, and they promised to give themselves to Jesus. I now intend to hold meetings continually, and work for the Lord at home and in surrounding places. May God bless the work!"

Denmark.

COPENHAGEN.

Mr. ANDREW WOLLESON preached three Sundays, in June, for the Methodist

clergyman in C., besides holding his own meetings on shipboard and visiting 456 vessels. Four seamen were led to Christ. He also made regular visits to the hospitals and boarding-houses.

ODENSE.

(On the island Funen: N. Lat. 55° 20'; Long. E. from Greenwich, 10° 20'.)

Rev. F. L. RYMKER, for the three months ending June 30th, made 172 visits to ships and 160 to houses. He has been greatly cheered in his work, and records the conversion of Captain Christiansen of the Norwegian schooner *Frid*.

Japan.

YOKOHAMA.

The last number of *Word on The Waters* (London, Eng.), says of the labors of Mr. W. T. AUSTEN, for some time our sailor missionary at this port:—

“During the recent visit of the Commander-in-Chief of the China and Japan seas to Yokohama, active steps were taken to induce officers and men of the mercantile marine to attend Divine service on board Her Majesty's ships, on the Lord's Day. Notices of the services were inserted in the local papers. The very good attendance of merchant seamen on board Her Majesty's iron-clad ship *Audacious* is ascribed in a great measure to the influence exerted by the ex-petty officer before referred to. During the past year, he has paid 343 visits to ships in port, and has held 117 evening services afloat, besides 16 special meetings on shore, which have been largely attended by seamen from the vessels-of-war. He has taken part in 200 other meetings at which seamen were present, and at his own residence he has received 80 visits from seamen for spiritual instruction and advice. His work has resulted in a fair attendance of sailors at the church on shore. He has also paid 162 visits to the Hospital.

“It is difficult to overvalue the great benefits of such labors when pursued so far from home, recalling to the far distant seamen, in its holiest aspects, the purest and most elevated thoughts of home, and of the higher portion of home ways. We do not require to be told that ‘he has always found a ready welcome from the crews,’ that is sure to be so; ‘while the masters and mates have af-

forded him every facility for holding services on board their ships.’ His three years' labor at Yokohama have won for him the confidence of the clergy and the laity, both in his qualifications for this special mission and in his whole-heartedness in the duties he has undertaken.”

Spiritual Needs of English Seamen.

A committee of the Upper and Lower Houses of Convocation in the province of the Archbishop of Canterbury, of the Church of England, reporting on the spiritual needs of English seamen, says that, independently of sailors in the Royal navy, it is calculated that upwards of 200,000 seamen* annually visit the port of London alone; while in round numbers 100,000 visit the Mersey, and 60,000 Bristol, Hull, the Tyne, and Cardiff, and other ports in proportionately smaller numbers. There are computed to be a quarter of a million of British merchant seamen who have no chaplains in any of their ships, and rarely visited by any clergy. There are also about as many fishermen and boatmen on English shores at least insufficiently cared for. Basing his appeal on these facts, Archdeacon Trollope, of Leasingham, Chairman of the Committee, has now issued circulars of inquiry to all friends of sailors in the various English ports, designed to draw out further information as to the religious wants of these seamen, and the practicable way of meeting them.

* Number partly made up by repeated entries of the seamen.

Publications Received.

NEW LONDON, Conn: A Seaport for the North and West, and Out Port of New York: its Great Commercial Advantages. By John R. Bolles, Sec'y New London Board of Trade. pp. 24.

NEW YORK SABBATH COMMITTEE: Report of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Years, with History of the Organization, etc. From Room 31, Bible House, New York. pp. 32.

EGYPT AS IT IS. By J. C. McCoan. With Map from Most Recent Survey. N. Y., Henry Holt & Co., 1877. 8vo. pp. 417.

Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry Street.

Mr. F. ALEXANDER, Superintendent, reports one hundred and seventy-two arrivals at the HOME, during the month of October, 1877. These men deposited with him, for safe keeping, the sum of \$1,811, of which \$100 was sent to the Savings Bank, and \$400 to relatives and friends, — the balance being returned to depositors.

Eight men were shipped without advance during the month, and four were sent to the Hospital.

Position of the Principal Planets for December, 1877.

MERCURY is an evening star during this month; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 5th, at 5h. 16m., being $2^{\circ} 12'$ north; is in conjunction with Jupiter on the evening of the 14th, at 10h. 51m. being $2^{\circ} 11'$ south; is at its greatest elongation on the forenoon of the 25th, at 6h. 18m., being $19^{\circ} 47'$ east of the Sun and setting on the evening of this day at 6h. 3m., and south of west $30^{\circ} 27'$.

VENUS is an evening star, setting on the 1st at 7h. 47m., and south of west $31^{\circ} 37'$; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 8th, at 6h. 31m., being 42° south; at this time it is eclipsed to all those who are situated between the parallels of Latitude 65° north and 2° south; is at its greatest elongation on the forenoon of the 11th, at 6h. 42m., being then $47^{\circ} 19'$ east of the Sun.

MARS crosses the meridian on the evening of the 1st, at 7h. 1m., being then $2^{\circ} 21'$ south of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 13th, at 5h. 30m., being $3^{\circ} 46'$ south.

JUPITER is an evening star, setting on the 1st, at 6h. 22m., and south of west $31^{\circ} 29'$; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 6th, at 3h. 38m., being $8^{\circ} 37'$ north.

SATURN crosses the meridian on the evening of the 1st, at 6h. 20m., being $8^{\circ} 19'$ south of the equator; is in quadrature with the Sun on the afternoon of the 5th, at 5h. 1m., during the balance of the month it is considered as an evening star; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 12th, at 6h. 5m., being $4^{\circ} 15'$ south.

N. Y. University.

R. H. B.

Marine Disasters in October, 1877.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost during the month, was 36, of which 18 were wrecked, 6 abandoned, 2 burned, 4 sunk by collision, 5 foundered and 1 is missing. The list comprises 4 steamers, 1 ship, 13 barks, 2 brigs, and 16 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$670,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *b* burned, *sc* sunk by collision, *f* foundered, and *m* missing.

STEAMERS.

Magnolia, *f*, from Savannah for New York.
Marie, *b*, (At Milton, Fla).
Storm Signal, *w*, (At Cape Henry).
Gen. Maza, *sc*, from Wilmington, Del. for Savannah.

SHIP.

Vanguard, *w*, from Matane for London.

BARKS.

George Kremelberg, *a*, from New York for Queenstown.
Francisco Curro, *sc*, from Philadelphia for Queenstown.
Herald, *w*, from Montego Bay for Milk River, Ja.
Wm. Van Name, *w*, from New York for Leith.
Anna, *a*, from New York for Hamburg.
Bremerhaven, *a*, from London for New York.
C. D. W., *w*, from Rio Janeiro for New Orleans.
Patronella, *w*, from Philadelphia for Queens-town.
Three Brothers, *a*, (Whaler).
W. A. Farnsworth, *w*, (Whaler).
Geo. A. Wright, *a*, from Boston for Liverpool.
Iron Age, *b*, (At Sourabaya).
Confidence, *m*, from Newcastle, N. S. W. for Manila.

BRIGS.

Matilda, *w*, from Calais for Philadelphia.
Nicolaus, *w*, from Hamburg for Charleston.

SCHOONERS.

Montrose, *w*, from Verplank's Pt. for St. John, N. B.
Clara Woodhouse, *w*, from New York for Bra. Santiago.
Armstrong, *w*, from Georgetown for Providence.
Adelia, *f*, (Off Falmouth, Mass).
Mary E. Smith, *f*, (At Lewes, Del).
Jesse Wilson, *f*, (At Lewes, Del).
Helen Rommell, *f*, (At Lewes, Del).
Highflyer, *sc*, (Fisherman).
Nettie, *w*, (At Cuttyhunk).
Wm. Butler, *w*, (Fisherman).
Friendship, *w*, (At Biddeford, Me).
N. A. Farwell, *a*, from Bull River for Wood's Hole.
Decori, *sc*, from Windsor for New York.
Banner, *w*, (In Pacific Ocean).
Salma, *w*, from Behler's Point for San Francisco.
Roswell, *w*, from Bonaire for Boston.

The Bureau Veritas publishes the following statistics of vessels of all nationalities reported lost during the month of

SEPTEMBER, 1877.

Sailing Vessels:—33 English, 17 French, 11 German, 8 American, 6 Italian, 5 Norwegian, 3 Dutch, 1 Austrian, 1 Danish, 1 Spanish, 1 Portuguese, 3 nationality unknown; total; 90. In this number are included 10 vessels reported missing.

Steamers:—2 English, 1 German, 1 American and 1 Spanish; total 5.

Receipts for October, 1877.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Bristol, Cong. ch. S. S. \$20 for lib'y...	\$22 95
Newport, Cong. church, add'l.....	2 15
North Hampton, Cong. church.....	14 24

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amherst, College church.....	37 85
Ashby, Cong. church.....	4 25
Boston, schr. <i>E. M. Golding</i> , Capt. Magthlim.....	5 00
Chelsea, 1st Cong. church.....	14 35
Danvers, Maple St. Cong. ch. S. S. for library.....	12 00
Dorchester, Village Cong. church....	19 00
Dunstable, Cong. church.....	9 00
Fitchburg, Rollstone Cong. ch., \$7 for books.....	15 25
Gardner, a friend.....	2 00
Long Meadow, Gentlemen's Benevolent Society.....	17 05
Lunenburg, Cong. church.....	4 25
Marshfield, Cong. church.....	16 72
Monson, Cong. church.....	6 53
Newburyport, Bethel Soc'y, to const. Rev. Jno. T. Beckley, Rev. Jas. H. Hartley, L. M's, each \$30.....	60 00
North Leominster, Cong. church.....	1 00
North Middleboro. Cong. church.....	19 79
Pepperell, Cong. church.....	10 50
South Plymouth, A. Holmes.....	1 00
Springfield, Olivet Cong. church.....	17 61
Westfield, estate Mary Jessup.....	250 00
1st Cong. church.....	20 58
Westford, Cong. church.....	5 00
Worcester, Central Cong. church....	51 77
Salem St. Cong. ch., S. S. \$20 for lib	52 56

CONNECTICUT.

Berlin, 2nd Cong. church.....	4 07
Derby, 1st Cong. church.....	24 50
Fairfield, 1st Cong. ch., of wh. the S. S., Sam'l Morehouse and Oliver Gould Jennings, each \$20 for lib'y	131 76
Fair Haven, 2nd Cong. ch., bal. to const. Capt. Wm. A. Wright, L. M.....	23 00
Groton, Cong. ch. S. S. to complete library.....	14 75
Guilford, 1st Cong. church.....	6 00
Hebron, Cong. ch. S. S. for lib'y.....	20 00
Madison, Cong. church.....	6 20
New Haven, Center Cong. church....	113 23
North Cong. ch., to const. W. B. Law and Miss Anna McAlister, L. M's.....	61 57
E. B. Yale.....	5 00
Old Saybrook, Cong. ch. S. S. for lib.	20 00
West Haven, Cong. church.....	7 47
West Winsted, 2nd Cong. church and Society.....	5 65

NEW YORK.

Auburn, 2nd Pres. ch., friends.....	3 65
Bergen, Cong. church.....	11 68
Brooklyn, 2nd Pres. church.....	24 75
Clyde, M. E. church.....	8 51
Pres. church.....	3 60
Bap church.....	1 69
Fort Plain, Ref. ch., for library.....	20 00
M. E. church.....	8 00
German church.....	3 10
Universalist church.....	2 12
Holley, Pres. church.....	6 81
Bap. church.....	3 90
Homer, Cong. church.....	43 46

Lakeville, Mrs. D. Bosley, for lib'y..	5 00
Lewiston, Pres. ch., of wh. to const. Richard Ayres, L. M., \$30.....	42 75
New Berlin, M. E. church.....	3 32
Newport, Bap. church.....	6 87
New Woodstock, Bap. ch., for lib'y..	20 00
New York City, Capt. Geo. D. Morrison, officers and crew, ship <i>Friedlander</i> , of wh. \$20, for lib'y, bal. for printing brevier 12mo. Bibles.....	26 50
Capt. D. W. Chester, officers and crew, ship <i>Davutless</i>	15 00
Capt. J. P. Hutchins, schr. <i>R. T. Clarke</i>	5 00
Capt. M. R. Young, schr. <i>M. B. Melen</i>	2 00
Capt. W. J. Card, Br. bark <i>Flash Light</i>	2 00
Capt. J. S. Mitchell, schr. <i>A. Tibbets</i>	1 00
Wm. Libbey, Jr., libraries for Life Saving Stations.....	420 00
Madison Square Pres. church.....	180 42
Mr. John W. Hammersley, for lib's..	100 00
Edward S. Jaffray.....	100 00
William Astor.....	100 00
Stewart Brown.....	50 00
Robert Carter Bros.....	50 00
H. T. M.....	50 00
Frederick A. Libbey, for lib's.....	40 00
Pott, Young & Co.....	35 00
C. A. Davison.....	25 00
B. W. Merriam.....	10 00
Josiah M. Fiske.....	10 00
Wm. Borden.....	10 00
C. C. Waite.....	10 00
L. N. Lovell.....	5 00
Cephas Brainerd.....	5 00
Waldo Hutchins.....	5 00
R. S. Brinckerhoff.....	2 00
C. J. S.....	2 00
A friend.....	75
Norway, Bap. church.....	3 07
Poughkeepsie, 1st Ref. ch., of wh. H. L. Young \$25.....	44 00
Pulaski, Pres. ch., in part for lib'y..	5 51
M. E. church.....	4 56
Friends at School House.....	1 02
Seneca Falls, Mrs. Horace Silsbee...	1 00
South New Berlin, M. E. church.....	1 83
Trumansburg, M. E. church.....	7 28
A lady.....	1 00
Waterloo, M. E. church.....	6 31
Pres. church.....	5 80
Bap. church.....	2 26
Waterville, Pres. church.....	7 50
M. E. church.....	6 00
Epis. church.....	3 50
Woodstock, M. E. church.....	2 33
Friend.....	50
Wyoming, Pres. ch. S. S. bal. for lib.	10 46

NEW JERSEY.

Newark, North Ref. church.....	22 08
2nd Pres. church.....	9 08
Orange, 1st Pres. ch., bal.....	67

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Washington, Mrs. Jane O. Mahon, for lib'y, in memoriam Martha Davis Brewer.....	20 00
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LOUISIANA.

New Orleans, Rev. L. H. Pease, Seamen's Chaplain.....	40 00
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\$2,822 24

Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. 11: 1.

6221..	William Libbey, Jr.,	New York City..	U. S. Life Sav. Ser. Dist. No. 9, Station No.	6-7
6222..	"	"	"	7-7
6223..	"	"	"	8-7
6224..	"	"	"	9-7
6225..	"	"	"	6-7
6226..	"	"	"	8-7
6227..	"	"	"	10-7
6228..	"	"	"	12-7
6229..	"	"	"	14-7

The twenty-six libraries refitted and reshipped were :

No. 2,417, on brig *C. Jenkins*, for Mar-seilles; No. 2,437, on schr. *A. Tibbetts*, for coastwise; No. 3,161, on schr. *C. R. Flint*, for Demarara; No. 3,853, on schr. *A. V. Cole*, for Hayti; No. 3,869, on schr. *L. & M. Donovan*, for Europe; No. 3,942, on schr. *F. Merwin*, for Para; No. 4,289, on schr. *Ella*, for Boston; No. 4,409, on bark *Rockwood*, for Cork; No. 4,622, on bark *Hawthorne*, for Cork; No. 4,640, on brig *Dart*, for Montevideo; No. 4,702, on schr. *S. B. Thurlow*, for London; No. 5,214, on schr. *E. D. Endicott*, for Vera Cruz; No. 5,253, on brig *Kossak*, for Salonica; No. 5,276, on brig *Lapwing*, for Auckland; No. 5,536, on schr. *A. H. Belden*, for Galveston; No. 5,343, on schr. *E. J. Simmons*, for St. Martins; No. 5,877, on brig *C. S. Packard*, for Corunna; No. 5,903, on schr. *R. T. Clark*, for Brazos; No. 5,911, on schr. *M. B. Mellen*, for Savannah.

No. 3,071, returned, at Boston, refitted and sent to the West Indies on brig *Black Swan*, 8 men, the Captain, who has had it saying:—"Thanks for the library, whose books have all been read with interest, and will, I trust, do much good."

No. 4,080, returned, at Boston, from its third voyage in good condition, much used and very useful,—gone to the West Indies, on schr. *General Connor*, 8 men, in care Capt. Shute; No. 4,672, returned, at Boston, and gone to the West Indies, on schr. *Hattie Baker*, 7 men; No. 4,832, returned, at Boston, from Scotland, on schr. *Ellen M. Goulden*, with \$5 from Capt. Magothlin,—gone to Mobile, on schr. *Mary I. Cook*, 9 men.

No. 5,077,* returned, at Boston, from

* Contributed by the Countess of Aberdeen, Scotland.

South America in good condition, much used, and sent to sea on schr. *Henry D. Macy*, 7 men, coasting; No. 5,217,* returned, at Boston, and sent to St. John and West Indies, on schr. *Effie Lowry*, Capt. Cobert, 8 men; No. 5,937,† returned, at Boston, and sent to sea, on schr. *Priscilla Scribner*, Capt. Doyse, 8 men. The Captain writes: "The books have been read with interest, and, I trust with benefit, fore and aft." Wishing you much success in your good work,

I am, yours truly,

ALBERT SHUTE,
Master General Connor.

FROM A COMPETENT WITNESS.

No. 4,839, returned, at Boston, and gone to sea on schr. *Samuel McManner-ing*, Capt. Wells, 7 men. The Captain who had it, writes:

"I thank you and the many friends of the sailor for the beautiful library placed on board my vessel. The books are all of a superior quality, and were perused with interest. It was a wise thought of the noble men and women in providing in this way for the spiritual welfare of the men of the sea. Seamen are a noble class of men, and know when they are well treated, and when converted, are a power for the cause of the Redeemer in the world."

J. CHISHOLM,
Master of bark *Western Sea*.

A Steward's Letter.

NINE MONTHS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.—

FIFTY-FIVE SEAMEN SUPPLIED WITH READING.

To the American Seamen's Friend Society:—

Loan Library No. 4,813 ‡ was furnished to the schr. *Abby Bradford* at my re-

* Contributed by A. D. Shepherd, Jr., Plainfield, N. J.

† Contributed by S. S. Cong. church, South Windsor, Conn.

‡ Contributed by Mrs. M. H. and Miss S. Stickney, Lowell, Mass.

quest through Rev. Mr. Butler, of New Bedford, Mass., and sailed August 4th, 1876, from Boston, Mass., on a whaling voyage in Hudson's Bay. The crew consisted of twenty-two souls, all of whom were intelligent readers and thinkers. The library consisted of thirty-three volumes, which have all been more or less read. I put my own books with the library—numbered, catalogued, and issued them, thereby saving time and trouble, and securing for the books good treatment. I made the following rules, and did not deviate from them. 1st. Any person drawing a book from the library shall be held responsible for its condition on its return, and any book soiled or torn shall be proof of inability to appreciate the boon the Society has conferred upon us by the loan of the library; and he shall be debarred from drawing any more books. 2nd. No person drawing a book shall loan it to another person. 3rd. No person shall keep a book more than four weeks at a time.

Rule 1 worked splendidly, as the books will show. Not a leaf is torn, and they are very clean considering the number of hands they have passed through. Rule 2 was made that I might ascertain where any book was. The bark *A. Houghton*, thirty-two men, wintered off Marble Island, in company with the *Bradford*. The crew drew books from the library on the same footing with my own crew. They returned the books borrowed, in good condition, with thanks to the Society for the favor. We went into winter quarters Sept. 1st, and left the last of the following May, thus making nearly nine long dreary months in the Arctic Regions, where the light appears only to disappear almost as soon as visible. *Fifty-five men* were thrown almost wholly upon the library for reading matter (the newspapers and printed books of the crews soon becoming exhausted) and they devoured eagerly the contents of the books. That beneficial results will follow, no one can doubt, and in the future

we may hear of souls converted through the influence of the library. God grant it may be so!

I have the record of 1,375 issues of books, making an average of 45 books to each man. Many of the books have been read many times, in some cases eight times. *Pastor of the Desert* was issued 97 times. "*Deacon Sims' Prayer*" was issued 83 times.

I feel happy in being able to return the library in such good condition, having cleaned each book to the best of my ability,—and nothing remains for me but to express the gratitude of the crew for the Society's kindness and best wishes for its prosperity.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN WILKINSON,
Steward of the Abby Bradford.

The Beginning.

"Give me a half-penny, and you may pitch one of these rings; and if it catches over a nail, I'll give you three pence."

That seemed fair enough; so the boy handed him a half-penny and took the ring. He stepped back to the stake, tossed his ring, and it caught on one of the nails.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again, or three pence?"

"Three pence," was the answer; and the money was put into his hand. He stepped off, well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong. A gentleman standing near him, had watched him, and now, before he had time to look about and rejoin his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder.

"My lad, this is your first lesson in gambling."

"Gambling, sir?"

"You staked your half-penny and won six half-pence, did you not?"

"Yes; I did."

"You did not earn them, and they were not given you; you won them just

as gamblers win money. You have taken the first step in the path; that man has gone through it, and you can see the end. Now, I advise you to go and give him his three pence back and ask him for your half-penny, and then stand square with the world, an honest boy again."

He had hung his head down, but raised it quickly; and his bright, open look as he said, "I'll do it," will not soon be forgotten. He ran back, and soon emerged from the ring, looking happier than ever. He touched his cap and bowed pleasantly as he ran away to join his companions. This was an honest boy.—*Morning Star.*

Farragut at Ten Years of Age.

Admiral Farragut and family were spending the summer at the Branch, and while sitting on the portico of the hotel he said: "Would you like to know how I was enabled to serve my country? It was all owing to a resolution I had formed when I was ten years of age. My father was sent to New Orleans, with the little navy we had, to look after the treason of Burr. I accompanied him as cabin boy. I had some qualities that I thought made a man of me. I could swear like an old salt; could drink a stiff glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards, and was fond of gambling in every shape. At the close of dinner one day, my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and, said to me, 'David, what do you mean to be?' 'I mean to follow the sea.' 'Follow the sea! Yes, be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign clime. 'No,' I said, 'I'll tread the quarter-deck and command as you do.' No, David; no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have and such habits as you exhibit. You'll have to change your whole course of life if you ever become a man.' My

father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke and overwhelmed with mortification. 'A poor, miserable drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world and to die in some fever hospital! That's my fate, is it? I'll change my life and change it at once. I will never utter another oath, never drink another drop of intoxicating liquors, never gamble.' And as God is my witness I have kept these three vows to this hour. Shortly after I became a Christian. That act settled my temporal as it settled my moral destiny."

Scholar's Companion.

THE ELEPHANT, a large one, kept at the Zoölogical Gardens of London, seems to be a pretty hearty feeder. His daily food consists of four hundred pounds of hay and three bushels of oats. He washes this enormous quantity of provender down his throat with *four barrels of water*. Besides all this, he thankfully receives candies, cakes, apples, and such small trifles, from the visitors.

WHATEVER you are, be brave, boys!
The liar's a coward and slave, boys;
Though clever at ruses,
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys.

Whatever you are, be frank, boys!
'Tis better than money and rank, boys;
Still cleave to the right,
Be lovers of light,
Be open, above-board, and frank, boys.

Whatever you are, be kind, boys!
Be gentle in manners and mind, boys;
The man gentle in mien,
Words, and temper, I ween,
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys.

But, whatever you are, be true, boys!
Be visible through and through, boys;
Leave to others the shamming,
The "greening" and "cramming,"
In fun and in earnest, be true, boys!
Henry Downton, in Leisure Hour.

American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, *President.*

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec. & Treas.*
L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

District Secretaries:

Rev S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston,
Rev. H. BEEBE, New Haven, Conn.

THE
SAILORS' MAGAZINE

AND

SEAMEN'S FRIEND;

AND

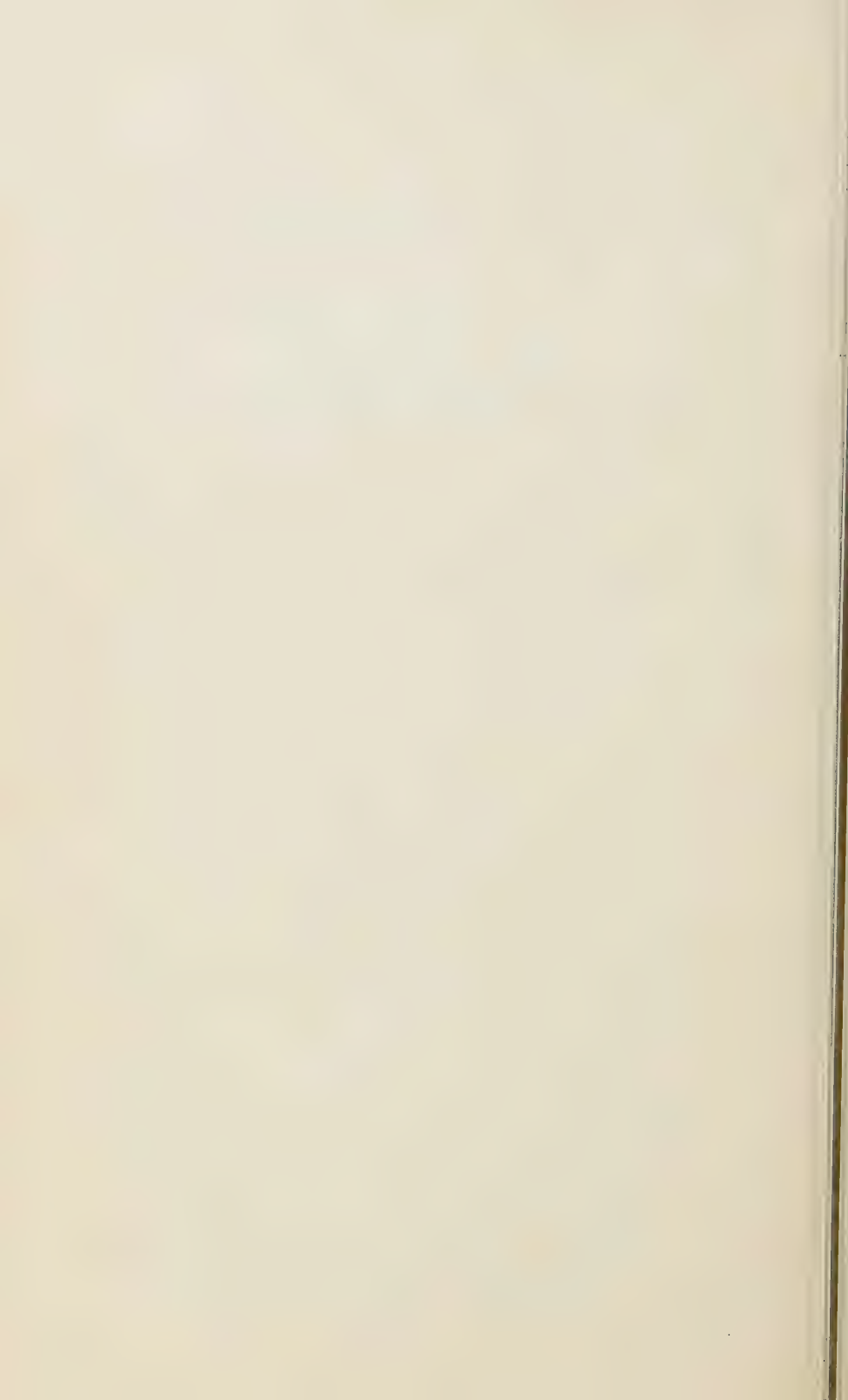
THE LIFE BOAT,

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER, 1877.

*Far out on the desolate billow,
The Sailor sails the sea ;
Alone with the night, and the tempest,
Where countless dangers be :—
Yet never alone is the Christian
Who lives by faith and prayer,
For God is a friend unfailing,
And God is everywhere !*

VOL. XLIX.

NEW YORK:
AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,
80 WALL STREET.



PREFACE.

To note the changes, and record the progress of another year, in that special work which has been prosecuted by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY for nearly half a century,—to bring together and to put before our readers, its aspect and its promise,—accompanying the record with such kindred matter as should help our purpose to interest them in the men of the sea,—has been the pleasant and rewarding labor of the twelvemonth just closing, in the publication of the MAGAZINE.

The highest satisfaction we have known in the preparation of its pages, has come from a consciousness that never before have we been permitted to chronicle more faithful devotion or more hopeful achievement on the part of those whose efforts to save seamen for Christ, and so to hasten His coming triumph, have been continuously reported.

It would be injustice not to recognize,—even in the briefest retrospect,—the signal degree in which the Great Head of the Church “has crowned” this “year with goodness” in leading Seamen to that “Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.” Familiarity with the present volume of the MAGAZINE makes it plain that such an issue has been wrought on every sea, and over all the globe.

May the months next coming bring to us, and to all Christian laborers, fresh unction for the work to which GOD sets our hands! May their fruitage multiply trophies to the power of the “blood of sprinkling,”—who in the exercise of their daily calling, shall illustrate and bear the glad tidings of Redemp-

tion, on the wings of Commerce, to all peoples with whom they come into contact ! May the Church of the living God gird herself to impart yet more fully, to seamen of every nationality, the "good news" of JESUS' love for their souls,—so that the Lord's universal kingdom among men may become an accomplished fact !

We acknowledge increasing testimonies to the acceptability and value of the MAGAZINE, and hope to make it, in the future, yet more worthy of them.

The recognized excellence of the present volume is largely to be ascribed to the industry and skill of Rev. H. H. Mc FARLAND, who, especially during the absence of the Editor on duty elsewhere, has both ably and happily served in this department. We take great pleasure in mentioning this fact, that honor may be given where it is signally due.

To those contributors, who by their various assistance have aided to give interest and value to each monthly issue, we tender our hearty thanks, expressing the hope also, that they will still abide with us, and help work the good ship.

DECEMBER, 1877.

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FORTY-NINTH VOLUME

OF THE

SAILORS' MAGAZINE,

AND TO THE

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Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall Street, N. Y., and 13 Congregationalist House, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman Street.

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All respectable Savings' Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings' Banks as such are established in New York, 74-6 Wall Street and 189 Cherry Street, and Boston, Tremont Street, open daily between 10 and 3 o'clock.

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	Friend Societies	
WILMINGTON, N. C.....	Wilmington Port Society...	" Jas. L. Keen.
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NEW ORLEANS.....		" L. H. Pease.
GALVESTON, Texas.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y...	" H. B. Burr.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq., *President.*
Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y & Treas.*

CAPT. NATH'L BRIGGS, *Vice President*
L. P. HUEBARD, *Financial Agent.*

OBJECTS. 1.—To improve the social, moral and religious condition of seamen; to protect them from imposition and fraud; to prevent them from becoming a curse to each other and the world; to rescue them from sin and its consequences, and to SAVE THEIR SOULS. 2.—To sanctify commerce, an interest and a power in the earth, second only to religion itself, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

MEANS OF ACCOMPLISHMENT. 1.—The preaching of the Gospel by Missionaries and Chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its Chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in CHINA, JAPAN, the SANDWICH ISLANDS, CHILI, BRAZIL, FRANCE, ITALY, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, NEW BRUNSWICK, &c., and will establish others as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship-board and on shore, and to those who do business upon our inland waters, Chaplains visit the sick and dying, and as far as possible supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE and SEAMEN'S FRIEND, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications, the SEAMEN'S FRIEND, is gratuitously furnished to Chaplains and Missionaries for distribution among seamen and others. The Society also publishes the LIFE BOAT for the use of Sabbath-schools.

3.—LOAN LIBRARIES, composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews, and placed as a general thing, in the care of converted sailors, who thus become for the time, effective missionaries among their shipmates. This plan of sea-missions contemplates much more than the placing of a Christian Library on ship-board, in that, (1) It places the library in the hands of an individual who takes it for the purpose of doing good with it, and who becomes morally responsible for the use made of it, (2) It usually places the library in charge of the Captain of the vessel. (3) It contemplates a connection between the sailor and the individual who furnishes the library which he reads. The donor of each library is informed, if he requests it, when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated. The whole number of libraries sent out by the Society, to May 1st, 1877, is 5,866, containing 290,856 volumes. Calculating 4,678 re-shipments, they have been accessible to probably 250,000 men. Over one thousand hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. This work may be and should be greatly extended. More than 20,000 American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of SAILORS' HOMES, READING ROOMS, SAVINGS' BANKS, the distribution of BIBLES, TRACTS, &c.

The SAILORS' HOME, 190 Cherry St., New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, since which time it has accommodated over 90,000 boarders. This one institution has saved to seamen and their relatives, \$1,500,000. The moral and religious influence on the seamen sheltered there, can not be estimated. More or less shipwrecked seamen are constantly provided for at the Home. A Missionary of the Society is in daily attendance, and religious meetings are held on week day evenings. Similar institutions exist, in other cities, under the care of auxiliary Societies.

NOTE.—Twenty dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-school, will send a Library to sea, in the name of the donor. The SAILORS' MAGAZINE is, when asked for, sent gratuitously to Pastors, who take a yearly collection for the cause, and to Life-Members and Directors, upon an annual request for the same.